

Alabama Centennial Commission

How Alabama Became a State

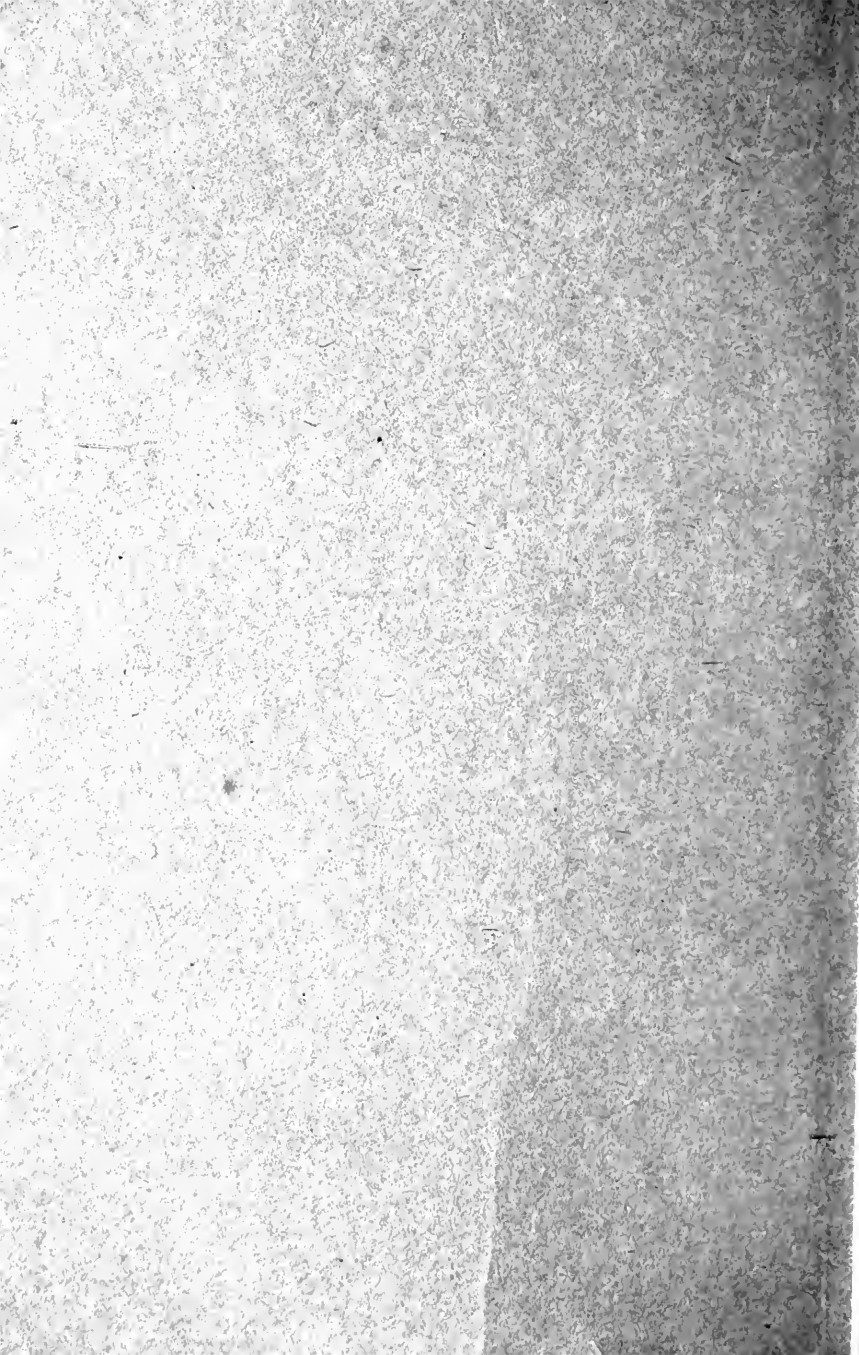
Third of a Series of Children's Plays
in Commemoration of the Close of
a Century of Statehood

220-526

By Marie Bankhead Owen

Issued by the
Alabama Centennial Commission

Montgomery, Alabama
The Paragon Press
1919



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Alabama Centennial Commission

Created by act of the Legislature, February 17, 1919.

Headquarters: Montgomery

His Excellency, Thomas E. Kilby, Governor,
ex-officio, Chairman

Dr. Thomas M. Owen, Director, Department
of Archives and History, ex-officio, Sec-
retary and Historian.

Fitzhugh Lee, State Auditor, ex-officio

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ex-officio

Dr. Thomas C. McCorvey, University, Ala.

Dr. George Petrie, Auburn, Ala.

Mrs. Bibb Graves, Montgomery, Ala.

David Holt, Newspaper Publicity Director,
Montgomery.

The Commission, created by enactment of the Legis-
lature, has for its activities the encouragement of gen-
eral interest in the history of the State, the general ob-
servance of the 100th anniversary of Statehood, the
marking of historic spots, and the publication of local
and other historical materials. Wide organized pub-
licity has been given its plans. The most general co-
operation has been promised. Correspondence invited.

Address Dr. Thomas M. Owen, Director of the Cen-
tenary, State Capitol, Montgomery.

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JUN 26 1920

How Alabama Became A State

A one act play for children.

Time: December, 1819.

Place: Huntsville, the temporary capital.

Theme: Settling a new country.

Scene: An upper room in the Tavern.

Occasion: The centenary of Alabama Statehood.

CHARACTERS CONCERNED.

Mr. and Mrs. Monroe from Virginia.

Mary, their daughter.

John, from Tennessee.

Sam, from Kentucky.

Francis, from South Carolina.

Paul, from France.

San Miguel, from Spain and Florida.

Lincoyer, a Creek Indian boy.

Sarah, from Georgia.

Bonnie, from North Carolina.

Cherokee Rose, a Cherokee Indian Girl.

Lucy, a Negro Mammy.

A News Crier.

"General LaFayette," a dog.

Costumes

Mr. Monroe wears a Prince Albert coat or one fashioned much like the modern evening dress coat, with long trousers. His collar is a fold of soft white material, with a jabot of lace. There is lace at the wrists. He may wear a fancy vest. His hat is of the tall, "stove-pipe" style. He carries a cane and gloves.

Mrs. Monroe is dressed in black silk, full skirt, tight waist, full, flowing sleeves with lace ruffles at throat and wrists. Her hat is small and has flowers and ribbons for trimmings. She may wear black gloves and carry a heavy shawl of the Paisley pattern upon her arm.

The girls may be dressed in any color of frocks, with full skirts, tight waists and elbow sleeves. They are without hats or wraps.

The boys wear jacket coats and knee pants, and they wear ruffles at wrists with stock collars like the men of the time if the director desires.

Mammy Lucy wears a dark blue dress, a big white apron and her head is turbaned with a red bandanna handkerchief. She must be blacked to represent a real negro slave woman.

Loncoyer wears Indian clothes, long pants with fringe down the outer seam and a jacket with fringe on the seam of the sleeve. He may wear a fur cap or feathers in his hair.

Cherokee is dressed in bright calico, red preferred, and wears many beads. She has her hair parted in the middle, and plaited in two braids which are drawn forward over the shoulders. She has large gold earrings in her ears.

How Alabama Became A State

The Play

Scene. A room in the tavern. There is a door at right, and a clothes-closet door at left. At back is a window, hung with a heavy curtain. In one corner of the room is a fireplace, and on the hearth a bright fire burns, which effect may be produced by placing a lighted lantern behind red paper. There is a small table to one side, and a few plain chairs about. At rise of curtain Mammy is kneeling on the floor rolling up her pallet bed. Mary, her "lil'le Miss" is seated by the fire, sobbing and weeping bitterly.

Mammy. (Persuasively.) Oh, lil'le honey, don't you cry no mo'. You're Ma gwynter come back frum der Big Day and tell you all 'bout whut she seen.

Mary. (Between sobs and tears.) But I wanted to go see it myself. Governor Bibb is going to be in-augu-ra-ted. (*A series of sobs.*) They're going to make a State. I wanted to see how they make a State and EVERYTHING! (*Weeps aloud.*)

Mammy. Jes' let me git through rollin' up my pallet, now, and I'se gwyne ter tell you some tales.

Mary. (Getting up and looking out of the window.) General Jackson is going to be there and I want to see him. He's going to sit in both houses of the legislature.

Mammy. (Pretending amazement.) Whut kind uv er man is dat whut kin set in two houses at onst. Umph! Show me dat man!

Mary. He's going to sit in one house a while (*sobs*) and then he will go and sit in the other house a while.

Mammy. (*Getting up from the floor and putting her bed roll in the closet.*) Now aint dis er pretty pass, your ole Mammy asleepin' on er pallet and hidin' hit in er closet durin' uv de day? An' me done left my fedder bed back in ole Firginny. I'll haf ter ketch me some wile geeses and make me an udder fedder bed.

Mary. Mammy, I don't like this old Alabama.

Mammy. (*Her arms akimbo.*) Whut in der name uv reason your Pa and your Ma want ter lef dey nice home in old Firginny and move ter dis wile Injun country is whut gits me. Whut fur dey done hit? Tell me dat lil'le Miss Mary-whut-aint-gwine-ter-cry-no-mo' " (*Laughing.*) Ain't dat er long name: "Lil'le Miss Mary-Whut-aint-gwine-ter-cry-no-mo'." (*Caressing Mary's hair and trying to cheer her up.*)

Mary. (*Snuggling against mammy's shoulder.*) I'm lonesome Mammy. I miss all my friends back home.

Mammy. Wuz you de onliest pusson whut had friends dat hatter been lef'? Answer me dat!

Mary. But the rest of you are grown-up people. I miss the children so.

Mammy. I aint never been no whuz yit but whut deh wuz some chilluns. I's done seen some right in dis tavern wid my own eyes, I is.

Mary. What were their names?

Mammy. Dont you rickerlick dat Paul in der Bible, whut der snake bit? Well he's got er name sake here, er Frencher.

Mary. A little French boy?

Mammy. Dats whut I said. An' he done cum ter dis country frum WAY-OVER-YANDER.

Mary. And who else did you see?

Mammy. Jes lots er chilluns. Efen your Ma warnt so skeered er you're gittin der whoopin' koff, she'd let you ouden dis room an' you coul' see em fur yourself.

Mary. There isn't any whooping cough here, is there Mammy?

Mammy. I aint heered narry a whoop, lessen hit be from dat young Injun boy whuts done come herh 'long wid Marse Gin'rl Jackson.

Mary. (*With eagerness.*) Oh, Mammy, if Mama has forbidden me going out of this room she hasn't forbidden other childden coming in if they are well. So won't you PLEASE, Mammy, (*hugging her*) go out and invite some of the other LONE-COME children to come and play with me?

Mammy. Will you promus me ter set by der firh and keep yoursef ez snug ez er bug in er rug whilst I's gone?

Mary. Yes, Mammy.

Mammy. (*Handing her a rag doll from the table.*) Alright den. You and der Queen uv Sheba kin hole down der house whilst I's gone chile huntin'!
(*Exit.*)

Mary. (*Playing with her doll.*) Are you lonely, too, little Queen of Sheba? You're the only one of my playmates I have left. But we mustn't cry, honey, because Papa says only brave people will be happy in this new country. Its not nice to be miserable is it?

Re-enter Mammy, leading Bonnie.

Mammy. Now, Miss Mary, hearh am Miss Bonnie. She brung her dolly wid her too.

Mary. (*Going forward to meet Bonnie and shaking*

her hand.) I am so glad to see you, Bonnie. (She takes the roll from Bonnie and Bonnie takes hers, they admire each a moment, then Mammy takes them and puts them on the table.)

Mary. Are you lonesome, too?

Bonnie. (With spirit.) No. I like Alabama. Papa says he can buy a plantation here for the money he sold his small farm for back in North Carolina. We came in a wagon that had a big white top on it and was hauled by oxen. How did you come?

Mary. We came some of the way in a coach, some in a covered wagon, and some in a boat. The slaves walked and had such fun around the camp fires at night. Of course Mammy rode with the family.

Mammy. Now, you lil'le gurls musify yoursefs and Mammy'll go fetch some mo' lonesome chilluns.

Bonnie. There's a girl named Sarah in the next room to ours. Bring her, please, Mammy.

Mammy. 'Deed I will. (*Exit.*)

Bonnie. I've wanted to talk to Sarah ever since she came, yesterday, but she has been out a great deal with her parents who have friends in Huntsville. Her father is in the legislature and they came to Alabama from Georgia.

Mary. How did you find this out?

Bonnie. Her Mammy told my Mammy.

Re-enter Mammy.

Mammy. (With glowing pride.) I done fotch Miss Sarah.

Mary. Come in, Sarah. This is Bonnie. I am Mary. We are so glad to have you come to play with us. (*They all shake hands.*)

Sarah. And I'm glad ta come. It is very tiresome staying in one's room so much, especially when

used to riding a pony all day, and having pet lambs and a pet faun.

Both girls. (*Clapping their hands in ecstasy.*) A faun! Pet lambs!

Mary. How did you get the faun?

Sarah. We live near St. Stephens on the Tombigbee river and there is every kind of wild game in the woods and swamps thereabouts. Last year my father killed the mother of my faun by mistake and brought the dear little thing home to me for a pet. (*There is knocking at the door.*)

Mary. Come in.

Enter Francis and John.

John. Is this the room where Mammy Lucy told us to come?

Mary. Yes.

John. I am John and this is Francis.

Mary. I am Mary, and this is Bonnoe and Sarah. (*All shake hands.*)

John. Its kind of hard on us youngsters being cooped up like this. I certainly am glad to be invited to meet some other children.

Mary. Do you live far from here?

John. My parents lived in Tennessee until last year, but now we have come to Alabama to make our home.

Mary. My father has been a Virginia tobacco planter, but he is moving to Alabama to grow cotton.

John. My father is a lawyer. We live in Tuscaloosa. He has come to Huntsville while the legislature is in session to help get some good laws passed.

Mary. Did your mother come too?

John. No. She does not like the hard travel and besides that she is afraid of Indians.

Francis. My mother is not afraid of Indians. She says they dare not be bad any more now that General Jackson has whipped them out.

Sarah. My father says there is just one kind of good Indians. The dead ones.

Mary. (*With excitement.*) Oh, how thrilling to hear you all talk about Indians. I'm not lonesome any more since you came.

John. There are two other boys in the tavern we might bring into this party if you girls don't mind. There is a little French chap named Paul, from Marengo county and the other is a Spanish boy from Pensacola.

Mary. Oh, do go get them, John.

John. Come, Francis. I will go after Paul and you find San Miguel. (*Exit John and Francis.*)

Mary, Bonnie and Sarah. Isn't it fun! (*They join hands and dance around in a circle—dog barks at the door.*)

Bonnie. Oh my! There's my dog. He follows me everywhere.

Mary. Do let him in. I expect he's lonesome too, and he can't play dolls for company.

Sarah. He has more fun with a bone than we do with dolls.

Bonnie. (*Opening the door and letting in the dog.*) Now General LaFayette, these are two VERY nice young ladies and you must behave yourself like a true French gentleman and patriot. Shake hands.

Mary and Sarah. (*They shake the dog's paw, and if he is a trick dog his mistress may order him to speak or do whatever tricks he can perform.*)

Mary. Isn't he lovely! Just as soon as we get into

our new home Mama says I may have all the pets I want.

Bonnie. There never was such a dog as "General La-Fayette." Strangers don't dare come about at night.

Mary. And to think you have named him for that splendid French General who helped the Americans whip the British during the Revolution.

Bonnie. My Grandfather was in Gen. LaFayette's army. That is why we so much respect the name.

Sarah. My grandfather was in George Washington's army. He lived in Virginia then, but later moved to Georgia.

Mary. And my grandfather fought the British at the battle of King's Mountain. So we are all little Revolutioners.

(The door is thrown open and John, Francis, Paul and San Miguel enter.)

John. Well, here are the boys, Paul and San Miguel. You girls will have to introduce yourselves.

(The girls come forward, tell their names and shake hands with the new comers.)

John. Paul has been telling me such a wonderful story about his father. Do tell them Paul, where you came from and all about it.

Paul. I am a Frenchman.

Sarah. Americans love the French. They helped us win our Independence.

Mary. How did you happen to come to Alabama, Paul?

Paul. My father was an officer under General Napoleon Bonaparte. When he lost his power in Europe we exiled ourselves. Three hundred of us, men, women and children, came across the Atlantic ocean in a big ship and landed in Philadelphia

where we had friends. They arranged with the Government to get lands for us in Alabama.

Mary. How can a French officer become an Alabama farmer?

Paul. If you doubt it you should see some of them planting olive trees and grape vines in Demopolis. There is Count Lefebvre Desnoettes, who was a Lieutenant-General of the Cavalry in Napoleon's army, the officer with whom he rode in the carriage in his retreat from Russia.?

Mary. How distinguished!

Paul. And there is Nicholas Rooul, a Colonel under Napoleon, who is now ferrying travelers across French Creek.

Sarah. That is too bad.

Paul. (*Shrugging his shoulders.*) Even in Alabama one must work if one may eat.

John. There are many French people in Mobile, Paul. You should make friends with them.

Paul. Those Mobile colonists came to this country more than a hundred years ago, and know little about France today. But of course we will be very happy to make friends with them.

John. San Miguel, how did you happen to be in Alabama, since you are a Spaniard?

San Miguel. My parents are dead and my Uncle who lives in Pensacola, Florida, brought me to America from Spain two years ago. He owns a cigar factory in Pensacola and we are traveling through Alabama to find the farmers who grow tobacco.

John. I hope you like our State?

San Miguel. Yes. But when my uncle and I tell people we are Spaniards they turn a cold shoulder to us.

John. If you will excuse me, San Miguel, I will tell you why that is so. During the War of 1812 and the Creek War that followed it, the Spaniards were always lined up against the Americans and were our enemies.

San Miguel. My uncle told me that, but I did not do it and am sorry it happened as I like Americans. They do not have kings to obey and one can be so free and happy in this country.

Re-enter Mammy.

Mammy. (*Closing the door carefully and speaking in a stage whisper.*) I's foun' er lil'le Injun girl. Does you chilluns want 'er to come play wid you-all?

All the children. Yes. Bring her in.

Mammy. (*Opening the door, calling.*) Cherokee!

Enter Cherokee.

Mary. (*Going to meet her.*) Come in. Is your name Cherokee?

Cherokee. Yes.

Mary. Children, this is Cherokee. (*They all shake her hand and introduce themselves.*)

Sarah. Do you live in Huntsville, Cherokee?

Cherokee. My parents live on the Tennessee river ten miles from here. My father has come to Huntsville to see General Jackson. He fought with him during the Creek Indian War.

John. That is true. The Cherokees, Chickasaws, and Choctaws all helped the Americans against the Muscogee or Creek Indians.

Francis. So you are a good little Alabamian, too.

Cherokee. I am not an Alabamian. I told you I was a Cherokee.

John. She means that the tribe of Alabamians for

whom the river was named and which gave the States its own name, are different Indians from the Cherokee tribe and live in a different part of the State.

Mary. But Cherokee is one of us any way. She has the name of the lovely rose and so we will call her "Cherokee Rose."

Cherokee. I like that.

(There is a noise outside upon the street.)

John. *(Looking out the window.)* The crowds are coming back from the Assembly Hall. There is General Jackson.

(Several children rush to the window and look out.)

Francis. I am going down and invite General Jackson's little Indian boy, Lincoyer, to come play with us, if you don't mind, Mary.

Mary. We will be glad to have him come. *(Exit Francis.)*

Cherokee. Lincoyer is a Creek boy. His people were all killed at the battle of Tallaseehatchie. He was just a little baby in his dead mother's arms. When General Jackson heard about him he sent him all the way back to Huntsville. Here he was kept for two years, but General Jackson wanted him for himself, so he sent for him and now he lives with the General and his good wife at The Hermitage, near Nashville, Tennessee.

Sarah. General Jackson is a good and great man.

Re-enter Francis with Lincoyer.

Francis. Boys and girls, this is Lincoyer. He has come to Huntsville with General Jackson to visit the kind people who kept him when he was an infant. He was very glad to come up and meet you all.

Mary. We are glad to have you come, Lincoyer. Come all of you and shake hands and give your names.

(All the children introduce themselves and shake hands.)

Lncoyer. Now I am glad I came to Huntsville.

Mary. Were you lonely, too?

Lincoyer. I have seen my friends, but I miss all the nice things at The Hermitage.

John. Father says General Jackson has brought some of his best horses to Huntsville to entertain the legislature with races.

Lincoyer. Yes, he has. The horses are now at Green Bottom Inn meadows.

Francis. Gee, I'd like to see the races. Can't we all go out to the Green Bottom Inn race course this afternoon?

Lincoyer. I will ask General Jackson to see that you do. He loves children and will do anything for their pleasure.

All the children. *(Squeal and jump about with eager delight.)*

Lncoyer. May I bring Kentucky Sam up here?

All the children. Yes.

Mary. Bring EVERY BODY. *(Lincoyer makes his exit.)*

Mary. The crowd is certainly growing. We will be holding a legislature ourselves first thing you know.

Sarah. Lets count up the different states we all came from. There is Georgia, Florida, Virginia, North and South Carolina, Tennessee, and when Sam comes, Kentucky.

John. That is the way it is all over Alabama. People are pouring in from all the states represented here.

Re-enter Lincoyer followed by Sam.

Lincoyer. This is Sam. His father is moving to Ala-

bama from Kentucky. We are going to a place called Montgomery. It is named for Major Lemuel Montgomery who was killed at the battle of the Horse Shoe Bend.

Re-enter Mammy.

Mammy. My goodness! Now aint dis splenducious! Ef you-all chilluns hadn't come to play wif my lil'le Miss, I'd er had ter be tellin' 'er tales dis ver' minit. I specks mos' ev'y chile herh kin tell some sort er tale 'bout sumpun-er-nuther whuts happen'd ter dey knowenst.

All the girls. Stories! Let's have stories.

John. That is a fine plan. San Miguel, we'll begin with you.

Mary. Let's all sit down in a row before the fire.

Mammy. An' Mammy'll pop some corn for you-all.
(*She brings corn and a popper from the closet and pretends to pop it over the fire. The children sit with their backs to the fire, facing the audience, and Mammy hands them a tray of white pop-corn.*)

John. Let's put the dog in the closet and make like he is a bear in a cave.

Bonnie. That will make us feel so scared and funny.

Mary. Make like we are all campers, and are telling tales around the fire.

Sarah. "General LaFayette" can be a bear hidden in a cave and after awhile he will come out and run after us all. (*Puts the dog in the closet.*)

Mammy. I trus' ter Gord he gwyne ter ketch dat rat whut romped over my face las' night.

All the children. (*Laughing.*)

John. Now San Miguel, you are to begin.

San Miguel. That is a good plan, as it was the Span-

iards who were the first white men to put foot upon what is now Alabama soil.

Sam. Were there Indians here then, Cherokee?

Cherokee. Yes. Indians have been here so long no one knows when they came or how they got here.

San Miguel. But the Spaniards didn't stay in Alabama or Florida as it was all called then, in 1540. They had some terrible fights with the Indians and after many hardships and great losses they moved on west. Few of them lived to return to their own country.

Paul. And a hundred and fifty years later a colony of French people under the leadership of the brave LeMoyne brothers of Canada settled at Mobile. I could tell you some thrilling stories about them, but expect the other children would be more interested in things that have happened nearer our own times.

John. A hundred years after Mobile was settled by the French, here are we, boys and girls, going with their parents into the wilderness to make new homes all over the State.

Sam. I wonder if any of you have ever heard about Captain Sam Dale. I am named for him. My father used to know him down on the Tom Bigbee River.

John. Every one knows about Captain Dale.

Sam. If he were here he could tell you some wonderful tales about his adventures with the Indians as well as with rought men who went into the Indian Nation to get away from the hand of the Law.

John. Captain Sam Dale was the hero of the famous Canoe Fight with the Indians.

Cherokee. I have heard my father talk about that

fight. He is very proud of his race and says they are as brave as any men, even if most of them have been killed or driven away by the white people.

John. Indeed they were brave. The way the Indians have fought to keep possession of their lands makes every one respect them. No braver people ever lived.

Mary. Let's not talk about the fights the white people had with the Indians. Cherokee and Lincoyer might not like it.

Cherokee. We do not mind it as we have nothing to be ashamed of.

Lincoyer. General Jackson says I must be proud of being an Indian. He has fought them and he knows.

John. General Jackson has had Chief Bill Weatherford at his home for a long visit, hasn't he?

Lincoyer. Yes. He staid there a year. I can recite the speech he made when he surrendered to General Jackson, at the end of the Creek War.

All the children. Speech. Give us the speech!

Lincoyer. (*Rising and standing proudly, his arms folded across his breast.*) "General Jackson, I am not afraid of you. I fear no man, for I am a Creek warrior. I have nothing to request in behalf of myself; you can kill me if you desire. But I come to beg you to send for the women and children of the war party, who are now starving in the woods. Their fields and cribs have been destroyed by your people, who have driven them to the woods without an ear of corn. I hope that you will send out parties who will safely conduct them here, in order that they may be fed. I exerted myself in vain to prevent the massacre of the women and

children at Ft. Mims. I am now done fighting. The Red Sticks are nearly all killed. Send for the women and children. They never did you any harm. But kill me, if the white people want it done."

(All the children get to their feet.)

Mary. What did General Jackson say to Weatherford, Lincoyer?

Lincoyer. Many of the white soldiers who had tried to capture or kill Weatherford cried out, "kill him, kill him," but General Jackson said: "Any man who would kill as brave a man as this would rob the dead."

All the children. Hurrah for General Jackson. *(They hurrah three times.)*

Sam. I could tell you a lot of fine stories about Kentucky, but I know you prefer Alabama stories and I don't know any.

Sarah. I know a fine dog story.

Francis and Bonnie. Tell it. Lets have it.

Mammy. Why don't you chillun set down?

(They all sit down again, except Sarah.)

Sarah. We need not think that it is only friendly Indians and faithful negro slaves who have helped the white people to settle Alabama. There was a large party of home-seekers going from North Carolina to the Bigbee country in this State. They had a long, hard trip in their wagons over the Blue Ridge Mountains to the Tennessee river at Knoxville where they got in flat boats and went as far as Muscle Shoals. There they landed to go on their way, some on horseback but most of them on foot. There were sixty slaves in the party beside the white families. When they all reached a

place on the Tombigbee river where the Government had built a cotton gin for the Chickasaw Indians, they made two boats and the women and children and some of the men got into these. The others walked down the bank with the horses. The parties did not go far before the boats went to pieces, as they were built so poorly, and every one was thrown into the water.

Mory. And drowned?

Sarah. No. A white child and a number of the negroes were drowned. The others got out alive, but everything they had carried from their North Carolina homes was lost, clothes, guns, ammunition, food.

Sam. I could wear my same clothes for a long time, but when the sun crossed the noon mark on the floor I'd want my dinner.

Sarah. And that is what I'm coming to. It was the faithful dogs, man's best friend, that caught rabbits, possums and raccoon and saved them all from starving. (*She sits down.*)

John. Hurrah for man's best friend. (*All the children cheer and the dog barks in the closet.*)

San Miguel. If I may speak twice I can tell you a dog story too.

All. Speech! San Miguel!

San Miguel. (*Rising.*) My story is about "Old Rory." That was the name the people gave Roderick McIntosh, the famous Scotch Highlander who used to be a good deal in Alabama a long time ago, although he was a British officer with headquarters in Pensacola. That is how I heard the story.

John. "Old Rory and his dog." Go on, San Miguel.

San Miguel. "Old Rory" owned this dog, Lueth. He made a bet that he could hide a doubloon—

Francis. What's a doubloon?

San Miguel. Spanish money. Well, "Old Rory" bet he could hide a doubloon three miles from home and his dog, Lueth, would go fetch it to him. He hid the money on a heavy wager and sent the dog on the trail. But Lueth came back without the coin.

Sarah. And "Old Rory" lost his bet. That was too bad!

San Miguel. That is not the end of the story. "Old Rory" went himself to the hiding place and the money was not there although the earth had been scratched up in every direction showing that the dog had made a faithful hunt. "Old Rory" was now sure that some one had stolen the money before his dog reached the hiding place. Looking about he saw a man, not far away, in a field. Taking his knife in his hand he went over to the man and said in a terrible voice: "Sir, you are the man who took my doubloon from beneath the log where I hid it." The farmer was so frightened that he confessed his guilt and handed "Old Rory" the money. But he threw it back at him and said: "Take it, vile caitiff; it was not the pelf, but the honor of my dog I cared for."

All the children. Hurrah for Lueth and "Old Rory."
(*The dog again barks in the closet.*)

John. (*Rising.*) That was a fine tale, San Miguel. (*To the children.*) Let's make San Miguel an Alabama boy whether he is one or not.

All. Yes. We will.

San Miguel. When I am old enough to look out for myself I am coming to Alabama to live.

Francis. (Rising.) That kind of talk sounds good to me, San Miguel. It seems strange to think so, but in a few years we boys will be grown men, making laws for Alabama, or fighting battles against her enemies, just as our fathers and grandfathers have done in the older states and countries. So lets make a pledge that we will always remember this day, when we first met each other as strangers, and agree to help make a great State out of the one we now live in.

All the boys. (They rise and join hands in pledge.)

Mary. (Rising.) Mother says it takes women as well as men to make homes and to build up the State. So if you boys are making pledges to stand together for the future good of Alabama I don't see why we girls are left out of it.

Sarah, Bonnie and Cherokee. Indeed we won't be left out.

John. We do not want to leave you out, either. Come on girls. We will ALL shake hands on it. *(They all join hands and circle around moving from one to the other, right, then left hand, singing the first verse of Alabama.)*

Enter Mr. and Mrs. Monroe.

Mary. (Running to her parents.) Oh, Mama! Dear Papa! We are having such a good time.

Mr. Monroe. You seem to be. Where did you get so many new friends?

Mary. Mammy found them for me. Come up children and introduce yourselves to my mother and father, Mr. and Mrs. Monroe.

All. (Shaking hands and calling their names, talking and laughing together.)

Mary. When you came in we were making a promise

to each other to always be friends and to help make Alabama a good State.

Mr. Monroe. That is a fine thing to do. We have just come from the Assembly Hall where Governor Bibb has taken the oath of office. We all promised ourselves and each other to put the best we have and are into the very thing you children have it in your hearts to do, the making of a State.

(There is a noise in the closet as if something is falling.)

Mary. That's the bear!

Mrs. Monroe. The Bear?

Mammy. I trus' dat Marse Ginerall LaFayette has cotch dat rat.

(The dog begins to bark.)

Sarah. (Opening the closet.) Come out General. You'r just in time to see Mary's parents. *(She introduces the dog and the Monroes shake his paw.)*

Newscrier. (Calling without.) "Madison Gazette, Carrying the Resolution of Congress admitting the State to the Union."

Mr. Monroe. That is a lad crying the Madison Gazette carrying a copy of the Resolution of Congress admitting Alabama to the Union. I have it here. Would you patriotic young people like to hear it read?

All. Yes. Read it to us.

Mr. Monroe. (Reads.)

Resolution Declaring the Admission of the State of Alabama into the Union. Approved Dec. 14, 1819.

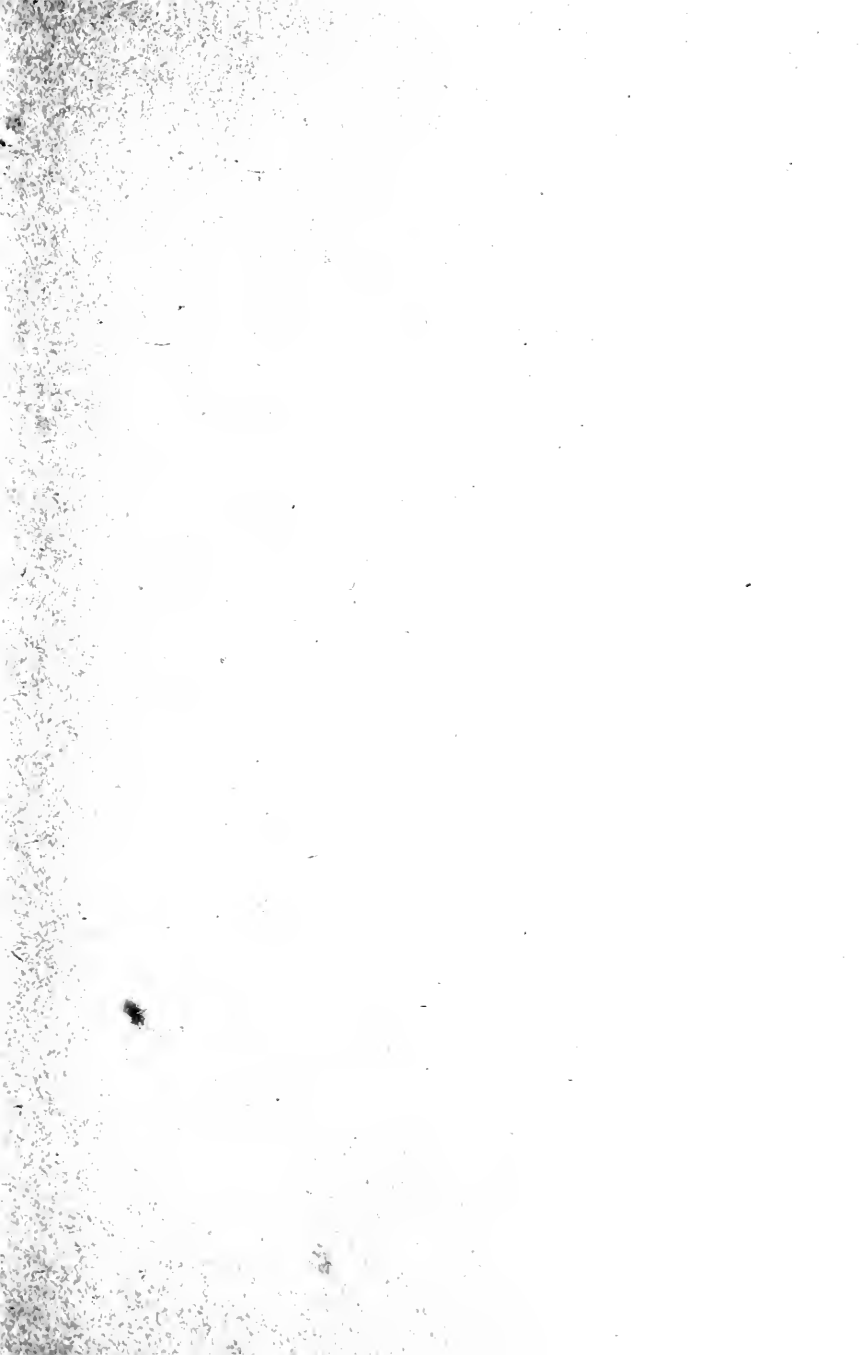
Whereas, in pursuance of an act of Congress, passed on the second day of March, one thousand eight hundred and nineteen, entitled, "An act to enable the people of the Alabama Territory to form a constitution and State government, and for the admission of such

State into the Union, on an equal footing with the original States," the people of the said Territory did, on the second day of August, in the present year, by a convention called for that purpose, form for themselves a constitution and State government, which constitution and State government, so formed, is republican, and in conformity to the principles of the articles of compact between the original States and the people and States in the territory northwest of the river Ohio, passed on the thirteenth day of July, one thousand seven hundred and eighty seven, so far as the same have been extended to the said territory by the articles of agreement between the United States and the State of Georgia.

Resolved by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America, in Congress assembled, That the State of Alabama shall be one, and is hereby declared to be one, of the United States of America, and admitted into the Union on an equal footing with the original States, in all respects whatever.—U. S. Statutes at Large, vol. iii, p. 608

(The audience joins the actors in singing the remaining verses of "Alabama.")

CURTAIN.



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